



THE NATURE OF THE DAEMON

Byond the boundaries of physical space, unrestricted by time or causality, there is a dimension utterly incomprehensible to mortal minds. It lies on the other side of dreams and nightmares, infinite in scope but without form or structure. This realm is composed of love and hate, fear and hope, ambition and despair, and yet is an uncaring, emotionless void.

THE IMMATERIUM

The Immaterium, also known as the Warp or the Nine Hells, is created and sustained by the emotions and collective desires of every sentient being of the material universe. Since the dawn of time, these tides and waves of emotion and thought have flowed unceasingly through the Warp, and such is their power that they formed creatures made of the very stuff of unreality.

Eventually, these instinctual, formless beings gained rudimentary consciousness. The Chaos Gods were born - vast psychic presences made from the fantasies and horrors of mortals. These are the Ruinous Powers, and each is a reflection of the mortal passions that formed them. First among them is Khorne, the Lord of Battle, possessed of towering and immortal fury. Tzeentch, the bizarre and ever-changing Architect of Fate. Nurgle, the Lord of Decay, who labours endlessly to spread infection and pestilence. The last of their number is Slaanesh, the Dark Prince, indulgent in every pleasure and excess, no matter how immoral or perverse.

DAEMONS

The Chaos Gods are not alone in the Warp. They have created servants from their own essences - the creatures that mortals have named daemons based on their ancient legends and religious mythologies - who are not so closely bound to the Warp.

A daemon is "born" when a Chaos God expends a portion of its own power to create a separate being. This psychic power binds a collection of senses, thoughts and purposes together, creating a personality and consciousness that can move within the Warp. The Chaos God can reclaim the independence it has given to its daemon children at any time, thus ensuring their loyalty. It is only through the loss of this power that a daemon can truly be destroyed, its mind dissolving into the whirls and currents of the Warp.

As minions of the Chaos Gods, most daemons lack self-will, at least as humanity understands it. Instead, they serve only to spread the aims of their masters. For example, a daemon of Khorne seeks only battle, and wages war upon other daemons with the same fervour as it does upon mortals. Daemons seemingly spend much of their existence in conflict with other daemons, as each of the Chaos Gods seeks to expand its power and influence as part of the Great Game. It is only when the mortal world is involved that daemons tend to band together and cooperate, and even then, such alliances are short-lived, as each of the four Chaos lords seeks to prevent the other from gaining any sort of advantage.

INCURSION INTO THE MATERIAL PLANE

Unlike their masters, Daemons are not wholly confined to the Immaterium. They work tirelessly to bring about the day when the barrier between the Warp and material space is collapsed allowing Chaos to spill forth and the Dark Gods to rule all of creation.

In order to achieve this, the Chaos Gods must rely on the fallibility of mortals. From within the Warp they are powerless to enter the Material Plane. So they must enlist mortal beings to act as their agents, through outright possession or promises of their wildest desires. The allure of a Chaos God is hard to resist. These mortal agents form cults dedicated to the worship of the god that chose them. Those that please their god are rewarded with strange gifts, extraordinary powers and even immortality. These cults seek to enlist the aid, willing or otherwise, of any spellcaster they can to perform the rituals required to open a tear between planes. Once achieved daemons are unleashed upon the

mortal world to kill, maim and wreak havoc in the name of their god.

Thankfully such incursions are rare and normally only constitute a handful of daemons. These small attacks result in a few dozen fatalities before they are stopped, but are a constant reminder that a mass incursion could spell the end of civilisation as we know it.

KHORNE, THE BLOOD GOD

Khorne is the Blood God, Lord of Rage, Taker of Skulls. He is wrath incarnate, the embodiment of a never-ending lust to dominate and destroy. It is his sole desire to drown the mortal realms in a tide of slaughter, to conquer and kill every living thing until there is nothing left but spilt blood and shattered bone.



The Blood God is commonly depicted as a broad and muscular humanoid hundreds of feet tall. He has the face of a savage, snarling dog, though his features are all but hidden by a helm decorated with the skulls of conquered kings. Khorne broods from a throne of brass, atop a mountain of skulls. These macabre trophies represent hundreds of thousands of species, feeding Khorne's glory but never quenching his thirst for blood and death.

THE BLOOD TITHE

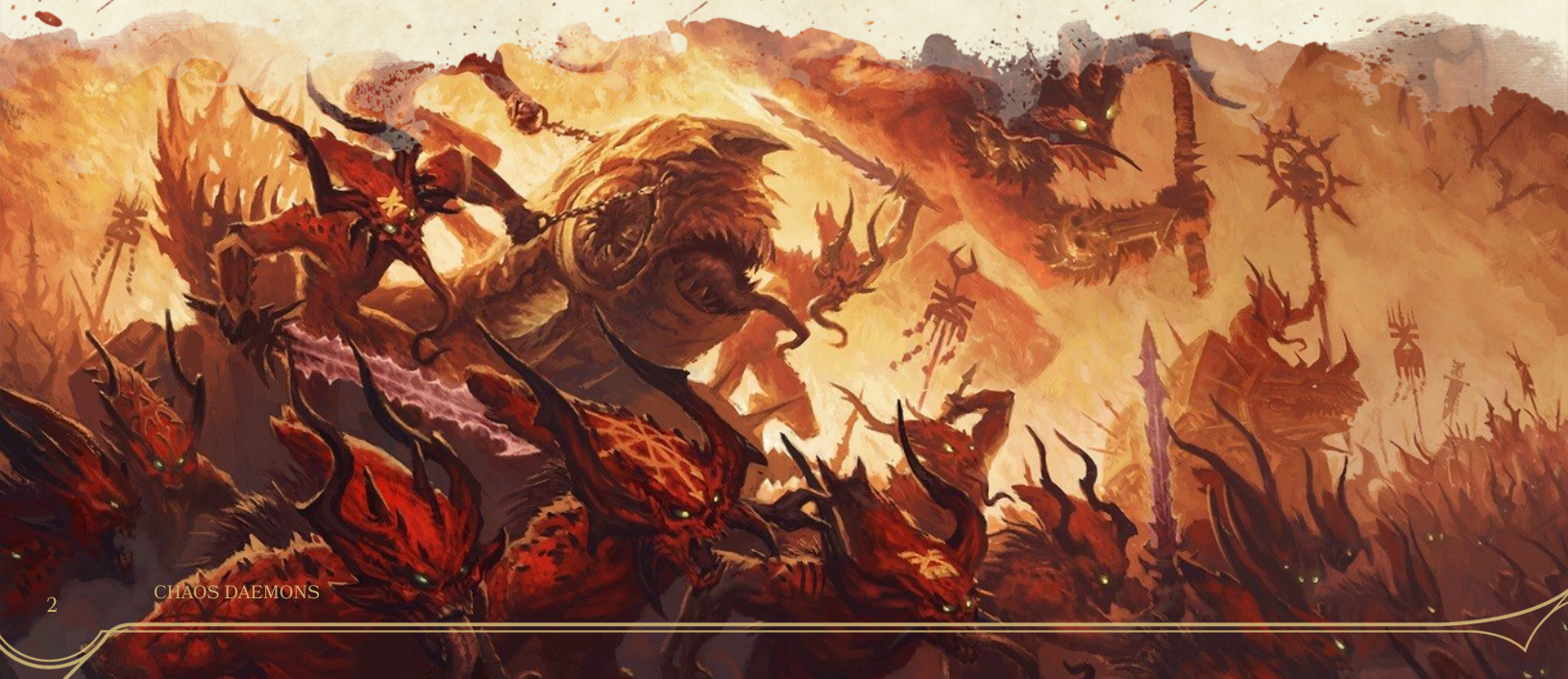
The code of Khorne is simple: blood and more blood. His only temple is the battlefield, his sole sacrament the spilled blood of nations. Consciously or not, all warrior cultures pay him homage with their acts of murder and destruction, from feral tribes to armies of kingdoms.

Every single life taken in anger increases the Blood God's power. He looks well upon those warriors who slay their friends and allies, for they prove their understanding of a greater truth – Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it flows. Friends or enemies, all the dead are equal in the eyes of the Lord of Battle. Those Khornate devotees who let a day pass without committing an act of bloody-handed slaughter inevitably incur the Blood God's displeasure.

WAR WITHOUT END

Though Khorne's influence is a steady, constant tide of aggression pushing the world of mortals to acts of brutality, murder, and bloodshed, this is not enough to satiate the thirst of the Lord of Battle. Minor, isolated, or subtle acts cannot keep the rivers of his realm flowing with blood or elevate his throne ever higher upon a mound of skulls. They cannot fuel the fires of the boundless rage that exists at the very core of his being. Warfare is required to reap the blood and skulls required to feed the cravings of a god.

Even in Khorne's own realm, where enemies only rarely present themselves, there is war. The generals of Khorne's daemon armies, the mighty Bloodthirsters, lead legions of Bloodletters, Flesh Hounds, and other Daemons into battle against one another. They hone their brutal skills, even as they dull their blade edges against the armour of other Daemons. Axes cut into unnatural flesh in a constant orgy of destruction. Limbs are severed, chests are impaled on horns, faces are ripped apart by teeth and claws. When a battle ends, the wrecked bodies of the fallen are crushed under foot or tossed into great bottomless chasms. The battlefield remains idle for only as long as it takes for fresh legions to mass. Then the battle cries are heard once more and war begins anew. The only respite from the conflict is reserved for the furnace-Daemons who work the forges, creating weapons for the legions to wield in their next battle, be it within Khorne's realm or in the material world.



DAEMONS OF KHORNE

BLOODTHIRSTERS

The dreaded Bloodthirsters are the most revered and exalted of Khorne's daemonic warriors. Created of the Blood God's infinite anger, these Greater Daemons exist purely for combat and their bloodlust extends beyond mortal reckoning.

Bloodthirsters are the commanders of Khorne's legions, leading them in battle and unleashing the blood-hungry hordes without mercy or compassion. A Bloodthirster who fails in its command knows that his bones will be ground to dust and its skull added to Khorne's colossal throne.

No mortal being can match the fury and fighting prowess of a Bloodthirster, nowhere can a deadlier warrior be found. Attempts to parley with such a creature are foolish and pointless. Death in the name of Khorne is all a Bloodthirster can offer, and all it desires.

As the living embodiments of war, rage and murder, Bloodthirsters represent the bloodiest side of warfare and are renowned as the greatest warriors amongst daemonkind. Only the boldest and most heroic of mortal champions would even stand the slimmest chance of survival in combat with a Bloodthirster, and an even smaller chance of victory.

In appearance, Bloodthirsters are the embodiments of fear and terror long-expressed in the ancient legends of daemons that hungered for the souls of Mankind. Most of these creatures stand nearly ten metres tall. Their skin is the deep red of encrusted blood. Their gore-flecked hides are covered in crimson fur the colour of spilt blood and their eyes are milky white without visible iris or pupil. Their feet are cloven and the ground burns at their passing. Their bodies are impossibly muscled and covered in iron-tipped barbs. From their backs sprout a pair of gigantic, membranous, bat-like wings, enabling them to soar over the battlefield before diving into the fiercest and bloodiest areas of battle, striking at will. Most hideous of all are their faces, which are bestial, almost canine, the visage of Khorne's most favoured beings in the universe. Their snarling maws are filled with fangs the size of mortal swords.

Bloodthirsters wear ancient, ornamented armour. Sections of their armour are adorned with the glowing skull Mark of the Blood God as a sign of his blessing. The panoply of this armour is ruddy bronze or iron black. A Bloodthirster's armour is also proof against the ranged weapons of the cowardly that would dare attempt to strike them down from a distance rather than engaging in righteous close combat.

"There is no peace. There is only time wasted between battles."

-Ergathon of the Skulltakers, Champion of Khorne

BLESSING OF KHORNE

Mortals and daemons alike who please the Blood God may be bestowed the **Blessing of Khorne**. Daemons in this supplement state in their stat blocks how they may attain the blessing. It can also be awarded to players and NPCs at the DM's discretion.

Blessing of Khorne Creatures blessed by Khorne may make one additional melee attack as part of their attack action and score critical hits on a roll of 19 or 20.



BLOODTHIRSTER

Huge fiend (greater daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 19 (natural armour)

Hit Points 250 (24d12 + 144)

Speed 40 ft., fly 80 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	15 (+2)	22 (+6)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	22 (+6)

Saving Throws Str +14, Con +12, Wis +10, Cha +12

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning;
bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from
nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses truesight 120 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages all

Challenge 20 (25,000 XP)

Immortal Champion. If damage reduces the bloodthirster to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5 + plus the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the bloodthirster drops to 1 hit point instead. The DC of the save is increased by 5 every time this feature is used.

Khorne's Chosen. When the bloodthirster reduces a creature to 0 hit points or deals 35 or more damage in a single melee attack, it receives the Blessing of Khorne until the end of its turn.

Magic Resistance. The bloodthirster has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Magic Weapons. The bloodthirster's weapon attacks are magical.

Actions

Multiattack. The bloodthirster makes one attack with its Lash of Khorne and one with its Unholy Blade.

Axe of Khorne. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 21 (3d8 + 8) slashing damage.

Lash of Khorne. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, reach 30 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (3d4 + 8) slashing damage plus 10 (3d6) fire damage, and the target must succeed a DC 20 Strength saving throw or be pulled 25 feet toward the bloodthirster.

Call of the Bloodthirster (1/Day). The bloodthirster unleashes its awful roar. This call has no effect on constructs and fiends. All other creatures within 60 ft. of it that can hear it must make a DC 19 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, a creature takes 28 (8d6) psychic damage and must use their reaction to make an attack against a friendly creature they can see. On a success, a creature takes half damage, and makes no reaction attack.

Legendary Actions

The bloodthirster can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The bloodthirster regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Weapon Attack. The bloodthirster makes a single melee attack with either of its weapons.

Fly. The bloodthirster moves up to half its fly speed to any location.

Flame Strike (Costs 3 Actions). The bloodthirster unleashes a torrent of fire in a 30-foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 19 Dexterity saving throw, taking 44 (8d10) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



BLOODLETTERS

Filled with insatiable desire for blood, these Lesser Daemons are among the most aggressive creatures in the Immaterium. The howls of triumphant Bloodletters can chill the heart of the most fearsome mortal beings. Simply put, they are violence and murder given form and purpose by the Blood God.

Bloodletters are the primary rank and file of Khorne's legions. They are ugly, horned humanoids with cloven hooves who tote blood-drinking battleaxes or swords known as Hellblades, which are forged at the foot of the Throne of Skulls. They enter horrific frenzies of bloody slaughter in battle.

BLOODLETTER

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armour)

Hit Points 113 (15d8 + 45)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	15 (+2)	18 (+4)	12 (+1)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +6, Wis +7

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Blood for the Blood God. When the bloodletter scores a critical hit, it regains hit points equal to the damage dealt.

Favour of the Blood God. When the bloodletter reduces a creature to 0 hit points or deals 25 or more damage in a single melee attack, it receives the Blessing of Khorne until the beginning of its next turn.

Magic Weapons. The bloodletter's weapon attacks are magical.

Actions

Multiattack. The bloodletter makes two attacks with its Hellblade.

Hellblade. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) necrotic damage.

Bloodcurdling Howl. The bloodletter lets loose a terrible howl. Hostile creatures within 30 ft. of it that can hear it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or be incapacitated until the end of the bloodletter's next turn.

JUGGERNAUT

Large fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 19 (natural armour)

Hit Points 124 (13d10 + 52)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	11 (+1)	18 (+4)	8 (-1)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Saving Throws Str +6, Con +9,

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Trampling Charge. If the juggernaut moves at least 20 feet straight toward a creature and then hits it with a gore attack on the same turn, that target must succeed on a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone. If the target is prone, the juggernaut can make one attack with its hooves against it as a bonus action.

Actions

Gore. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (2d12 + 4) piercing damage.

Hooves. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (2d10 + 4) bludgeoning damage.

Steam Breath (Recharge 5-6) The juggernaut exhales a 15-foot cone of scalding steam. Each creature in that area must succeed on a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

JUGGERNAUTS

Massive daemoniac beasts of brass and iron, Juggernauts are nigh-unstoppable brutes covered in metal plates. They crush foes beneath their brazen hooves and can shrug off direct blows from all but the strongest of weapons. In combat, the Juggernaut charges headlong into the fray, lashing out with its iron horns. Bulky and slow, Juggernauts use their size and strength to smash into enemy formations, send foes flying with a toss of their huge horns, and flatten entire ranks of mortal soldiers with ease. Stinging return fire bounces without effect from their armoured flanks, such pinpricks serving only to antagonize the already-belligerent nature of these rampaging beasts. Far more massive than normal steeds, Juggernauts resemble a rhinoceros, their hides plated in thick riveted sheets of brass. Its armour is bedecked with spikes and the eye-wrenching symbols of Khorne.

The most lethal of all the Blood God's war-mounts, Juggernauts sometimes serve as steeds for powerful mortals

favoured by Khorne or particularly bold or battle-hungry Bloodletter daemons.

To ride a Juggernaut into battle is one of the greatest honours that Khorne can bestow upon one of his Daemons. The beast is a vehicle of fury and therefore only the most favoured Bloodletters and Heralds are tasked by the Blood God to ride one forth from the pens of the foundries. Such a Daemon has earned this honour through long and violent service in Khorne's name. Each will be a warrior of considerable might, that has spilled blood across numerous worlds and, more importantly, who has acquired a spectacular amount of skulls for Khorne. Of course, the collecting of skulls by Bloodletters is often achieved by nefarious means, lies and backstabbing, proving every bit as effective as rampant slaughter, but that matters little. It is skulls that interest Khorne, no matter how they are taken.



FLESH HOUNDS

Flesh Hounds, it is said, are fierce and bestial daemons, with a sinuous, wolf-like form, thick, scaled hides, and a blunt maw full of sharp, shredding teeth. They roam the Immaterium in packs, never resting, always hunting. At times, Khorne summons them to the Skull Throne, as a packmaster might call his dogs. He gives his hounds the scent of the blood of one doomed soul, and unleashes them upon the world.

Though vaguely canine in form, Flesh Hounds are more a horrific cross between dog and reptile. Covered with thick scales, Hounds mount large horns and usually feature a series of spikes down the spine. Frills grow from various locations, such as the back of the skull, on the throat, or the rear of the jaws. Coloration ranges from dark red to greyish-black, and all Hounds wear the spiked brass Chaos relic known as the Collar of Khorne, granting them protection from the psychic energies so despised by their master.

While patient enough as trackers, Hounds tend to give in to their inherent bloodlust when prey is finally sighted. With bone-chilling howls, they rush forward, crossing open ground with astonishing speed. Leaping at the last moment, the Hounds attempt to physically overpower their targets, savaging them with teeth and claws. Large or particularly well-armed foes (such as armoured vehicles) are encircled, with individual Hounds darting in from different directions, worrying at their target until it finally falls from exhaustion (or, in the case of a vehicle, is disabled and unable to move.) Once the foe is down, the Hounds rush in en masse for the final kill. Hounds normally hunt in packs, and only the most well-armed and disciplined of groups can hope to face such an assault and survive.



FLESH HOUND

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armour)

Hit Points 52 (8d8 + 16)

Speed 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	12 (+1)	14 (+2)	6 (-2)	13 (+1)	6 (-2)

Skills Perception +5, Survival +5

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60ft., passive Perception 16

Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Blood Frenzy. The hound has advantage on melee attack rolls against any creature that doesn't have all its hit points.

Keen Senses. The hound has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on hearing or smell.

Magic Resistance. The hound has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit* 12 (2d8 + 3) piercing damage and the target must succeed on a DC 14 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.



TZEENTCH, THE CHANGER OF WAYS

Tzeentch is known by a hundred thousand titles across the Material Plane, amongst them the Weaver of Destinies, the Great Conspirator, and the Architect of Fate. In his mind, he listens to the hopes of every sentient being from every planet in the universe. He watches over the plans of his playthings as they unfold into history, toying with fate and fortune; both for his own entertainment, and to further his unfathomable schemes.

Tzeentch feeds upon the need and desire for change that is an essential part of all living things. All intelligent creatures dream of prosperity, freedom and a better tomorrow. All these dreams create a powerful impetus for change, and the ambitions of nations create a force that can change history. Tzeentch is the embodiment of that force.



Tzeentch is not content to merely observe the fulfillment and disappointment brought by the passage of time. He has his own plans – schemes that are so complex and closely woven that they touch the lives of every living thing, whether they realise it or not. The Chaos God's masterly comprehension of time, history and intrigue allows his ploys to intertwine seamlessly, forming a web of causality that spans the stars. Tzeentch is aware of the visions and plans of all mortals. He takes great delight in the plotting and politicking of others and favours the cunning over the strong.

When the inner voice in a man's head speaks, when the desperate whisper their prayers into the night, it is the Architect of Fate that listens. He perceives every event and intention, and from this information, his mighty mind can work out how each will influence the future. The intertwining latticework of probability, hope and change is Tzeentch's meat and drink – without it he would eventually fade away.

Perhaps the Architect of Fate has plans to overthrow the other Chaos Powers, or to extend his dominion over all the mortal realms. Perhaps not even Tzeentch himself can say for sure. Whatever his ultimate goal, he seeks to achieve it by manipulating the individual lives of mortals. By offering the power of knowledge and sorcery, he can recruit influential warlords and spellcasters to his cause, affecting the lives of many more at a single stroke. However, few of Tzeentch's plans are ever simple; some span aeons with their complexity, whilst many appear contradictory to others, or even against his own interests. Only Tzeentch can see the threads of potential futures weaving through time like tangled skeins of multicoloured cords; cords which themselves are made of decision, happenstance and fluke.

In Tzeentch's eyes, mortal creatures are immeasurably steeped in ambiguity, yet they somehow wage their personal wars completely unaware of the countless contradictions in their souls. Tzeentch cannot help but dabble in the mortal realm. His own need to manipulate and control, and his desire to increase his own power in the Warp, mean Tzeentch is eternally playing the Great Game waged amongst his brother Chaos Gods. The Architect of Fate is not above sully his clawed hands with the bloody business of war, though he much prefers to win his battles through guile and sorcery than brute force. Consumed by his own ineffable thoughts, Tzeentch binds the material planes in the weave of his complex schemes just as a spider binds a fly. Though his schemes can take millennia to unfold, when they come to fruition, it is usually reality itself that pays the price. While one mortal lies to another, while envy and ambition survive among men, Tzeentch will work his magic as the puppet master of the universe, working towards the day when his final great work will be revealed.



DAEMONS OF TZEENTCH

The Daemons of Tzeentch are inherently magical creatures, even more so than the other daemons of chaos; they appear ephemeral, transparent or as if made of light. Their very presence can alter the rules of reality, and they can leave trails of multi-coloured fire and mist behind them as they move.

LORDS OF CHANGE

Tzeentch delights in sorcery, deception and knowledge. His Greater Daemons, the Lords of Change, are the embodiments of all of these. Despite possessing a fragment of the immeasurable wisdom of their master, even they are unwitting pawns in Tzeentch's great plan - a plot of limitless complexity that will come to fruition at the end of time.

It is said that when a Lord of Change looks upon a man, that man's soul is opened like a book, revealing his hopes and dreams as well as the truth of his ultimate failure or success. Greater Daemons of Tzeentch is driven by a need to redirect the predictable course of history and set it upon a new, unexpected path. Because of this, a Lord of Change revels in dashing the hopes and ambitions of lords and kings, while raising penniless nobodies to the pinnacles of power.

A Lord of Change's minions move throughout the Material Plane, undertaking whatever task he has set them: the killing of a particular mortal, a whisper in a commander's ear, the theft of a worthless artefact and a thousand other seemingly unrelated occurrences that are mistaken for happenstance. Yet each falls into the daemon's own devious plan and furthers his labyrinthian schemes.

Gangly, winged and feathered like a bird, Lords of Change are actually most notable for their gaze; walking portals to the mind of Tzeentch, their eyes are gateways to the madness of fate; few mortals can withstand the gaze of a Watching Lord. The Lords of Change are able to perceive the hopes and dreams of individuals they look upon, as well as read the possibilities awaiting them. Often appearing multi-coloured in hue, Lords of Change actually have no default colouration and take whatever shades please them at any given time. Lords of Change typically choose to appear physically frailier than they actually are, taking on wasted, cadaverous forms and seeming to need staffs to hold themselves up and walk around; this is one of their trademark deceptions, as Lords of Change possess iron-hard skin and blindingly fast reflexes, as well as sharp claws and a beak. Essentially impossible creatures, few who gaze on these prism of warflight emerge with their sanity intact.

"Undersand, mortals, that every one of you, each of your so-called champions with their petty ploys, is just a piece in the Great Game of my master"

-Mith'an'driarkh, Greater Daemon of Tzeentch

Lords of Change tend to work behind the scenes, pulling puppet strings from the shadows. So subtle are these manipulations, and so skilled, that often the playthings of a Lord of Change remain unaware that they are in the thrall of a deadly daemon. Secret Chaos Cults, heresies, revolutionaries, and even Imperial Planetary Governors have all fallen under the thrall of a Lord of Change at one point or another. Even Tzeentch's bitterest foes can be manipulated into fulfilling the Great Deceiver's ends - under his most powerful daemons' careful guidance, brother can be turned against brother, friend against friend, and the most zealous of Inquisitors can stumble from the path of righteousness. To confront a Lord of Change is to wander through a fog-shrouded mire of lies, ever unsure that one's actions are correct, one false step away from sinking irrevocably.

BLESSING OF TZEENTCH

Those who earn the favour of the Changer of Ways may be bestowed the **Blessing of Tzeentch**. Daemons in this supplement state in their stat blocks how they may attain the blessing. It can also be awarded to players and NPCs at the DM's discretion.

Blessing of Tzeentch Creatures blessed by Tzeentch have advantage on Intelligence (Arcana) checks and saving throws against spells and other magical effects. Any spells cast by the blessed deal one additional die of damage, e.g 3d6 becomes 4d6.



LORD OF CHANGE

Huge fiend (greater daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (natural armour)

Hit Points 242 (21d12 + 126)

Speed 40 ft., fly 80 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	15 (+2)	22 (+6)	22 (+6)	24 (+7)	26 (+8)

Saving Throws Con+12, Int +12, Wis +13, Cha +14

Skills Arcana + 14, History +14

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities psychic

Senses truesight 120ft., passive Perception 17

Languages all, telepathy 120 ft.

Challenge 18 (20,000 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. The lord of change's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 21, +14 to hit with spell attacks). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *detect magic*, *detect thoughts*, *enlarge/reduce**, *mirror image*

3/day each: *control winds**, *lightning bolt (5th level)*, *haste**

1/day each: *feeble mind*, *greater invisibility*, *mislead*, *reverse gravity**

*Transmutation spells

Legendary Resistance. (3/Day) If the lord of change fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Magic Resistance. The lord of change has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Reality Warper. The lord of change can concentrate on up to three transmutation spells at once. It rolls concentration saving throws for each individually.

Actions

Staff of Tomorrow. *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, range 60ft., one target. *Hit:* 26 (4d8+8) psychic damage

Terror Overwhelming. The lord of change unleashes a bone-chilling screech. Each creature within 120 feet who can hear it must succeed a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened. While frightened, the target takes 11 (2d10) psychic damage each turn. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns. If a creature succeeds the saving throw, it becomes immune to the effect for 24 hours.

Legendary Actions

The lord of change can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The lord of change regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Psychic Bolt. The lord of change makes a Staff of Tomorrow attack.

Champion of Tzeentch. The lord of change gains the Blessing of Tzeentch until the end of its next turn.

Channel Magic. The lord of change restores one use of one of its 3/day spells.

Baleful Glare. (Costs 2 Actions) The lord of change targets one creature it can see within 60 feet of it. The target must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or become paralyzed. The target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, ending the effect on a success.

PINK HORROR

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armour)

Hit Points 75 (10d8 + 30)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
16 (+3)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	12 (+1)	18 (+4)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis + 7, Cha +7

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities psychic

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 17

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Daba Dee Daba Die. When a pink horror is reduced to 0 hit points it splits into two blue horrors.

Favour of the Architect of Fate. If the pink horror deals damage with spells to three or more creatures in one turn, it gains the Blessing of Tzeentch until the end of its next turn

Innate Spellcasting. The pink horror's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *shocking grasp* (2d8), *thunderwave*

Magic Weapons. The pink horror's weapon attacks are magical.

Actions

Multiattack. The pink horror makes four attacks; three with its claws and one with its bite, and can cast *shocking grasp* once. It can substitute *thunderwave* for two melee attacks.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8 + 3) piercing damage.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6 + 3) slashing damage.

PINK HORRORS

Lesser Daemons of Tzeentch are magic made manifest. Pink Horrors frolic in cheerful, brightly coloured mobs that cackle insanely at their own incomprehensible jokes as they blur and cartwheel across the battlefield. As bright bolts of raw sorcery leap from their outstretched fingers, the Pink Horrors are filled with joy as their squeals of laughter form a chorus with the screams and death throes of their enemies.

The only way to end a Pink Horror's jubilant mood is to blow it apart or otherwise cut it in half. It is then that the Pink Horror undergoes a total transformation, splitting into halves that reshape themselves into smaller copies of the original.



BLUE HORROR

Small fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 12 (natural armour)

Hit Points 27 (6d6 + 6)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	12 (+1)	10 (+0)	7 (-2)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities psychic

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Actions

Multiattack. The blue horror makes two melee attacks.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit* 4 (1d8) piercing damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit* 3 (1d6) slashing damage.

These new daemon's colour changes from pink to vivid blue, appropriately named Blue Horrors. The gleeful demeanor of the Pink Horror is reversed - Blue Horrors are morose, whining and petty, constantly squabbling over whose fault it was that they lost their pink status.

FLAMERS

Flamers are amongst the most strange and disturbing of all Tzeentch's daemons and their absurd physiologies are more than most mortals can stand. In spite of their unnatural, awkward appearance, Flamers are agile creatures. They move by bumping and hopping around, leaping high in the air in a disturbing and gravity defying fashion, which may even appear amusing to the unknowing observer. Laughter soon turns to panic though, as Flamers suddenly close in at unexpected speed and the multi-coloured warpflames that dribble constantly from their outstretched arns roar to life like living blowtorches as the daemons attack

Flamers are beings of pure magic, only given form when cast out of their plane into the mortal world. When they appear, they are disturbing to say the least. They have tubular bodies melded with gnashing faces or grimacing maws that end in a pinkish, fleshy skirt that they use to propel themselves along the ground. Their arms are blue trunks that each end in dripping orifices capable of spraying liquid flame.

"At first I took them to be mindless fungi, swaying in the breeze. Until, that is, one of their number let loose a great belch of flame, and its companions began to giggle."

-Liber Malefic

Though the expressions on their sinister faces might suggest otherwise, Flamers are entirely mindless creatures, driven by instinct and instruction from the Lords of Change. They are found only rarely in the mortal world and then only at times when Tzeentch despatches them to aid the great hordes that wage war against the soft men of the south. When the Flamer spews its fires, small droplets fall to the ground and ignite. After a moment, the flames take on the characteristics of a nearby person or object, portraying the events unfolding around it, often in a deeply disturbing or mocking manner. They only sputter out when the Flamer moves on.

FLAMER

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armour)

Hit Points 91 (14d8+28)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	15 (+2)	14 (+2)	6 (-2)	16 (+3)	19 (+4)

Saving Throws Wis + 7, Cha + 7

Damage Resistance cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities psychic, fire

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 16

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Fire Absorption. Whenever the flamer is subjected to fire damage, it takes no damage, it regains a number of hit points equal to the fire damage dealt, and its gout deals an additional 3 (1d6) fire damage until the end of its next turn.

Actions

Multiattack. The flamer makes three gout attacks, any of which can be substituted for a bite attack.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage plus 9 (2d8) fire damage.

Gout. The flamer exhales gouts of fire from one of its numerous maws. Each creature in a 15-foot cone must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 7 (2d6) fire damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

SCREAMERS

Screamers are glimmering sky-sharks, resembling grotesque manta rays, that ride upon the winds of magic as a bird glides upon the breeze. They have no real conscious thought and are instead driven by a powerful hunting instinct. In the Realm of Chaos, Screamers roam the tides of magic, preying upon the shadow-souls of mortal creatures, lone Chaos Furies and other unfortunate magical ephemera. Indeed, once a pack of Screamers has the scent of a mortal's shadow-self, they pursue it ruthlessly through the myriad immaterial planes that compose the Realm of Chaos. Once the Screamers catch their doomed prey it is torn to pieces in an eyeblink, the gossamer shreds of its soul-stuff offered up as a gift to Tzeentch. Screamers are very agile due to their ability of flight and possess a feral but cunning intellect. Though they are able to use magic-based attacks, their greatest weapons are their so-called "Warp Jaws" which allow them to chew through all kinds of solid matter, even the armoured hide of a voidship. In a direct confrontation there are few that can withstand their jaws or outrun their wings. Large packs of Screamers can often be found outside the realm of Tzeentch where they hunt after starships that traverse the Warp. Like all daemons, the only real burden they have to face in trying to assault man-made vehicles native to realspace are Gellar Fields, which they systematically probe for weak spots.

When manifesting in the Materium, Screamers hunt with a cunning that belies their rather base intellect. Streaking across the sky, leaving sparkling multi-coloured trails behind them, Screamers generally keep to a lofty altitude. From this vantage point they search the ground below for worthy sacrifices to their master. Once they have located suitable prey, the Screamers dive down from on high, emitting unnatural arcs of warp lightning. Anything left standing after their initial slashing attack is snatched up in the Screamer's

jaws, to be either devoured on the wing or dropped from great heights to smash into the ground far below. As they possess only a modicum of intelligence, Screamers are often used as scouts and skirmishers by other, more powerful daemons or ambitious sorcerers. However, if control ever lapses, the Screamers return to their more instinctive behaviour and are likely to turn on their former master.

SCREAMER

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 15 (natural armour)

Hit Points 39 (6d8 + 12)

Speed fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
12 (+1)	17 (+3)	14 (+2)	4 (-2)	16 (+3)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Wis + 7, Cha +7

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning

Damage Immunities psychic

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 13

Languages understands Abyssal but can't speak

Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Slashing Dive. The screamer can only make a spine attack if it has moved at least 10 feet beforehand. The screamer doesn't provoke opportunity attacks when it flies out of an enemy's reach.

Actions

Multiattack. The screamer makes two spine attacks.

Spine. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit* 8 (1d8 + 3) slashing damage.

Scream (Recharge 5-6). The screamer produces a horrid screaming noise for which it is named, a sound to which other daemons are immune. Any other creature that starts its turn within 60 feet of the screamer and can hear it must succeed on a DC 14 Constitution saving throw or take 14 (4d6) psychic damage, or half as much on a success.



NURGLE, FATHER OF PLAGUES

Nurgle is the Great Lord of Decay and the Master of Plague and Pestilence. All things are liable to eventual corruption. Even the process of creation is just a precursor to destruction and decay. The bastion of today is the ruin of tomorrow and the hope of the moment is but the foundation of regret.



Though he is the creator of every infection and epidemic to have swept the Material Plane, Nurgle is not a morose purveyor of despair and gloom, but a vibrant god of life and laughter. In death, there is life. Upon the decay of the living untold numbers of bacteria, viruses, insects and other carrion-feeders thrive. All life feeds on others to exist, and from every plague grows new generations, stronger and more resilient than before. Regeneration comes from decay, just as hope springs from despair. In times of crisis, mortals are truly tested and driven to excel.

Every single creature has been touched by Nurgle's foetid hand at some point. Countless trillions are host to his malignant, invisible creations, which corrupt their physical forms and sow despair in their minds. As Nurgle's gifts

BLESSING OF NURGLE

Those who earn the favour of the Lord of Decay may be bestowed the **Blessing of Nurgle**. Daemons in this supplement state in their stat blocks how they may attain the blessing. It can also be awarded to players and NPCs at the DM's discretion.

Blessing of Nurgle Creatures blessed by Nurgle have advantage on Constitution saving throws, resistance to slashing, bludgeoning and piercing damage from nonmagical sources and are immune to diseases and poison damage.

multiply in full-blown pandemics, his power reaches a peak. Whole star systems – even whole sectors – are quarantined as plague runs rife across the stars. Proud civilisations wither away even as Grandfather Nurgle conjures obscene new life from their remains. Wherever there are plague pits and mass graves, the rotting splendour of Nurgle shines through.

NURGLE'S ROT

The taint of Nurgle spreads readily among beasts and humanoids alike, and the awful arcane illness known as Nurgle's Rot may strike even the strongest person and cause him or her to be outcast as a leper. Despite the nature of his influence, Nurgle takes an interest in the victims of the diseases he unleashes (which he considers to be "gifts"), jovially caring for them in a manner similar to a loving grandfather; for which reason he is frequently referred to as Grandfather Nurgle by his servants.

As the disease takes its course, the tortured victim has to choose between either ending his own life, or fully embracing the ways of Father Nurgle. Only when death finally claims the victim will they realise the true blessing that has been visited upon them, as their soul is reborn in Nurgle's Garden in the Realm of Chaos in the immortal shape of a new Plaguebearer.





DAEMONS OF NURGLE

GREAT UNCLEAN ONES

These greater daemons are the harbingers of the lord of rot and ruin, and amongst Grandfather Nurgle's greatest servants, bearers of his most sacred plagues and poxes. Their forms are squat and mountainous, covered in rotting flesh and open sores that weep foul rivulets of pus. Hot ropes of intestines dribble out of huge tears in their enormous, bloated and distended bellies. This horrific girth is supported by two impossibly small and atrophied-looking legs, and their inordinately large, bulbous heads are crowned by enormous stag-like antlers.

Great Unclean Ones are facsimiles of the Chaos God himself both physically and in spirit. Every Great Unclean One is also actually Nurgle himself in some sense, and their followers often refer to them as "Papa" or "Father Nurgle." Great Unclean Ones are seldom deathlike or morbid in character; in fact, they are usually motivated by the same trivial enthusiasms that drive the living. They are gregarious and even sentimental in their nature with a remarkable fondness for their followers. They often refer to their followers as their "children" and take great pride in their appearance and oddly endearing behaviour. Indeed, it is not uncommon for Great Unclean Ones to compete amongst themselves in the matter of spreading Nurgle's plaguesome blessings across the galaxy. They take great pride in the achievements of their fellow servants of Nurgle, proclaiming vociferously the splendours of the poxes and sores evidenced by those around them, and laugh heartily at the death and destruction wrought in Nurgle's name.

Their appearances on the mortal plane is heralded with an ear-shattering howl of glee, as they burst through the veil of reality, delighted to walk upon the firmament of realspace once again, spreading their bounty of plagues upon mortals. Often disease and desolation on a planetary scale

herald their arrival as entire populations are stricken with the corruption of the Plague Lord's favoured plague which is known as Nurgle's Rot. This disease is the most contagious, rapacious, and most heinous of all sicknesses, poxes, and fevers Father Nurgle has ever conceived. The afflicted mortals slowly suffer as the plague ravages their bodies, turning them into bloated, rotting, living corpses before they succumb to the inevitable, agonising demise. The bile-slick Great Unclean One then waddles through the collapsed cities and the mounds of the dying, happily bestowing his blessings, borne aloft on a living tide of chortling, chattering Nurglings.

In battle, Great Unclean Ones wield enormous rusty blades and maces of iron, crude, corroded cleavers and immense Plague Flails, each one dripping with pestilence. If threatened with bodily harm, the thousands of diminutive Nurglings that follow in the Greater Daemon's wake will attack an unwary opponent, dragging them down in a murderous wave the instant their "father" is attacked. Natural-borne carrion creatures, numbering in the thousands, gather around the Greater Daemon to protect it and trail in its wake. Hordes of sky-blackening flies, rats, vultures, crows, and worms inevitably follow a Great Unclean One's passing.

Great Unclean Ones long ago became inured to pain, a result of their abundant infections, plagues, and virulent sores. Their truly massive size and their ability to withstand almost any level of injury and pain make them dangerous adversaries. These daemon lords possess a hellish prowess which seems at odds with their bulk and squat stature. They barrel into their enemies, laughing boisterously, all the while laying about them with colossal rusty cleavers. The thick cloud of flies which feast at their open sores disrupt the attacks of their enemies and spread the putrid diseases of their host.

"Let root rot and bower blight, to feed the plague of fortune."

-Aghalhor, Bringer of Poxes, Greater Daemon of Nurgle



GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

Gargantuan fiend (greater daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 20 (natural armour)
Hit Points 410 (20d20 + 190)
Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
25 (+7)	15 (+2)	30 (+10)	22 (+6)	18 (+4)	17 (+3)

Saving Throws Con +17, Wis +11

Damage Resistance cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities poison, necrotic

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft.

Languages all

Challenge 22 (41,000 XP)

Bringer of Plague. The great unclean one bears the Blessing of Nurgle.

Hive of Disease. Each time a creature within 5 feet of the great unclean one deals slashing or piercing damage to it, that creature is showered in pestilence-ridden blood and takes 13 (3d8) poison damage.

Legendary Resistance (3/Day). If the great unclean one fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Magic Weapons. The great unclean one's weapon attacks are magical.

Actions

Multiattack. The great unclean one makes three melee attacks.

Blight Sword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +14 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 29 (4d10 + 7) slashing damage.

Slam. *Melee Weapon Attack* +14 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target. *Hit:* 22 (3d8 + 7) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed a DC 18 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Legendary Actions

The great unclean one can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The great unclean one regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Melee Attack. The great unclean one makes a single melee attack.

Infectious Touch. The great unclean one casts *contagion* (DC 19).

Putrid Gas. The great unclean one emits a cloud of fetid gas from every cavity of its bloated body. Each creature within 20 feet of the Great Unclean One must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns to end the effect.

Torrent of Bile. (Costs 2 actions). The great unclean one spews forth noxious vomit in a 30 foot cone. Each creature in that area must make a DC 19 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the target takes 27 (6d8) necrotic damage and becomes poisoned. On a success, the target takes half damage and suffers no additional effect. A poisoned target is also cannot regain hit points and whenever they take bludgeoning, piercing, or slashing damage, they take an additional 9 (2d8) necrotic damage. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the start of each of its turns to end the effect.

PLAGUEBEARER

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (natural armour)

Hit Points 152 (16d8 + 80)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	12 (+1)	20 (+5)	11 (+0)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Str +7, Con +8, Wis +7

Damage Resistance cold, lightning

Damage Immunities poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft.

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Droning Swarm. A droning swarm of plump black flies surround the plaguebearer. The area within 10 feet of the plaguebearer is lightly obscured and any creature that isn't a daemon that enters it is deafened.

Hive of Disease. Each time a creature within 5 feet of the plaguebearer takes slashing or piercing damage to it, that creature is showered in pestilence-ridden blood and takes 4 (1d8) poison damage.

Magic Weapons. The plaguebearer has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Nurgle's Rot. Creatures damaged by the plaguebearer's attacks must succeed a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns to end the effect.

Actions

Multiattack. The plaguebearer makes two attacks with its Plaguesword.

Plaguesword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6 + 4) necrotic damage.

PLAGUEBEARERS

These loathsome creatures are crafted from the blighted souls of mortals who have been slain by the virulent plague known as Nurgle's Rot. These Lesser Daemons of the Lord of Decay are shambling, pustulent creatures. Plaguebearers have gangling, bony limbs, their bodies swollen with decay, so much so that glistening innards are exposed through rents in their skin. They possess a single, cyclopean eye and a single horn rising above their haggard, drawn faces, their bodies covered in filth and parasites.

The attitude of a Plaguebearer is often more frightening to mortals than their appearance. They solemnly drudge along, steady in the suffering and despair they cause. This is not



OPTIONAL: PLAGUE CHAMPIONS

A mortal who resists the ravages of Nurgle's Rot for a significant time creates an unusually long incubation period for the nascent Plaguebearer, resulting in a larger, tougher individual known as a Plague Champion. Such daemons are testaments to the futility of denying Nurgle's embrace.

A **Plague Champion** is a CR 9 (5,000 XP) creature with the stats of a Plaguebearer, but with the following changes:

- Its AC is 19 (natural armour)
- It has 190 (20d8+100) hit points
- It makes three attacks instead of two as part of its multiattack action
- It has the following feature:

Favour of the Plague Father. The Plague Champion and all allied servants of Nurgle within 20 feet of it have the Blessing of Nurgle

some sadistic pleasure, like that of Slaanesh, but rather a determined appreciation of Nurgle's genius, a devotion to his art and an acknowledgment of the eventual disintegration of all things. Their wish to spread disease is driven by their wish to share their Father's gifts with the material planes.



BEASTS OF NURGLE

With the soft, sticky and mottled body of a pallid slug, webbed feet that flap uselessly, a face of writhing green tentacles, and a whip-tail growth that bursts from its back and which wags constantly from side to side. The essence of mindless decay and horrid rot given putrid flesh, Beasts of Nurgle exemplify the Plaguelord's endless enthusiasm and excitement for forces of life and death. Thus, a Beast delights in discovering new things and making (to its very simple mind) new friends. When brought into realspace they act almost akin to a curious and inquisitive pet, investigating anything and everything in sight, and spreading illness and rot wherever they go.

Beasts of Nurgle crawl across the ground on their bellies, weakly propelled by clawed flippers, leaving a layer of stinking slime in their wake. While slow, the Beast is implacable in its advance, undeterred by all but the most fearsome of weapons, as relentless as the decay it embodies. Each is a nightmarish conglomeration of parts, with a lengthy neck holding a wide-eyed face of almost blissful idiocy. The gaping tooth-filled mouth houses a lolling tongue dripping with putrid saliva. Clusters of writhing tubes sprout from the Beast's neck and back, each one spewing forth swarms of buzzing flies, clouds of vomit-inducing gases, flesh-eating fluids capable of finding gaps in even the most secure of armour, or other foul gifts.

BEAST OF NURGLE

Large fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (armour class)

Hit Points 241 (13d20 + 91)

Speed 45 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
17 (+3)	11 (+1)	24 (+7)	8 (-1)	10 (+0)	4 (-3)

Saving Throws Str +6, Con +10

Damage Resistance cold, lightning

Damage Immunities poison, necrotic

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft.,

Languages Abyssal

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Slime Trail. Creatures that end their turn within 5 feet of the beast of nurgle must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned. A creature can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns to end the effect.

Actions

Multiattack. The beast of nurgle makes two attacks, one with its bite and one with its tail.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 17 (4d6 + 3) piercing damage

Tail. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 15 (3d8 + 3) bludgeoning damage. The target must succeed a DC 16 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

NURGLINGS

These tiny, mischievous daemons are surely some of the most numerous, and among the most favoured. Even their appearance is pleasing to the Plague God Nurgle, for each Nurgling is like a minute copy of the dread master himself. These pernicious and capricious Daemons erupt from the boils and pustules that pock the fleshy hide of Great Unclean Ones. They caper and dance about the Greater Daemons, causing mischief whenever possible, constantly giggling as they play. Their enemies are another matter entirely, and would do well to avoid their sharp claws; those that survive the rake of a Nurgling's talons often find their wounds festering and incurable.

Individually, a Nurgling is not a dangerous opponent. A grown human can simply kick it aside without difficulty. That is why Nurglings gather in monstrous swarms on the field of battle, making up for their lack of strength and size with raw numbers and their highly infectious claws and bites. Their favorite method of attack is to overrun a single individual and bring him down under the sheer mass of their pestilent bodies.



NURGLING

Tiny fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 12

Hit Points 18 (4d4 + 8)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Damage Resistance cold, lightning; bludgeoning

Damage Immunities poison, necrotic

Condition Immunities poisoned

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Actions

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5ft., one target. *Hit* 6 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage

SWARM OF NURGLINGS

Medium swarm of tiny fiends (lesser daemons), chaotic evil

Armor Class 14 (natural armour)

Hit Points 52 (8d8 + 16)

Speed 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	10 (+0)	14 (+2)	7 (-2)	10 (+0)	8 (-1)

Damage Resistance cold, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage

Damage Immunities poison, necrotic

Condition Immunities poisoned

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Swarm. The swarm can occupy another creature's space and vice versa, and the swarm can move through any opening large enough for a Tiny nurgling. The swarm can't regain hit points or gain temporary hit points.

Actions

Bites. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 0ft., one target. *Hit* 14 (3d8 + 1) piercing damage or 9 (2d8) piercing damage if the swarm has half its hit points or fewer.



SLAANESH, THE DARK PRINCE

Slaanesh is the Lord of Pleasure, the Dark God dedicated to the pursuit of earthly gratification and the overthrow of all decent behaviour, as well as hedonism and pleasure for its own sake. He is the God of Obsession, the Master of Excess in All Things, from gluttony to lust to megalomania.

Wherever mortals are ruled by their own unquenchable desires, the Dark Prince of Chaos is there in the shadows, whispering, tempting, and feasting on a banquet of souls.



When positioning Slaanesh in the pantheon of Chaos Gods, many dwell on his role as the seducer and the fulfiller of sexual gratification. But Slaanesh is far more than a font of base pleasures. Instead, Slaanesh stimulates the imagination. He embodies experience. He is the patron of artists and poets. He engenders the pleasure derived from the aesthetic, and serves as a great inspiration for all who would create and take pleasure from their creations. Slaanesh worms his way into mortal imagining by granting success at one's labours, artificially providing the fuel that drives the artist to put brush to canvas, pen to parchment.

He takes delight in suffering and pain, and basks in the adoration of those he punishes. One such as he is not a simple being, however, and these pleasures can only go so far in sating godly desires. Through his followers, Slaanesh continually experiments with sensation. All beings, both

mortal and daemonic, feel pride, want more, seek improvement, or obsess on both material and immaterial longings. The Lord of Excess gives these beings the power to claim what they seek and in so doing allows them to experience the sensation of gratification. The cruel trick the Lord of Excess plays upon all his followers is that along with power, he gives them cravings for more. He gives them addiction to sensation. As they sate themselves and in turn become insatiable, he binds himself to his followers and he feels what they feel. Each drug-induced dream is shared as a sumptuous meal. Each vile urge of the Dark Prince is, to a tiny degree, passed back to his followers, rewarding them for their obsessive actions and inciting them to greater deeds.

Even the other Dark Gods of Chaos can satisfy the desires of Slaanesh, through the actions of their servants. A Berzerker who kills in the name of Khorne is proud of his achievement and takes satisfaction from his gory deed, and Slaanesh feels that pride and the drive for greater glories. A spy whose actions topple a regime is rewarded for his service to Tzeentch, and delights in his stealth; Slaanesh feels that spark and increases the mortal's need to perfect his abilities. A diseased plague victim that draws strength from Nurgle to survive rests with comfort, and Slaanesh fuels his love of indolence and serenity. In these ways, the actions and sensations of all beings can serve to feed the lustful hungers of the Perfect Prince.

Slaanesh is unique among his brother-gods. He does not try to keep others out. He invites them in. Through a series of tests, he defends his gleaming palace against assault. Tales such as that of the Heretic Cardinal describe this Palace of Pleasure as sitting at the centre of the Pain Master's empire, surrounded by six other domains arranged in concentric rings. Each ring holds different temptations for those who wander through it, imploring them to succumb to the pleasures it offers.



DAEMONS OF SLAANESH

KEEPERS OF SECRETS

Embodiments of the alluring power of pleasure, the very presence of a Keeper of Secrets is enough to bring even the most stalwart warrior to his knees in anguish and ecstasy. Pain is simply another sensation to be bestowed upon others, or to be enjoyed when others inflict it, for all sensation is a blessing to a Keeper of Secrets. These potent servants of Slaanesh feed upon the rampaging hope and the thrill of fear to be found within their enemies, as they feast upon terror and despair. As despoilers of purity, Keepers of Secrets are known for taking the noble ideals of others and twisting them to the pursuit of selfish ambitions and self-gratification. A Keeper of Secrets exists to destroy dreams and fulfill nightmares, growing ever more powerful on the intensifying emotions of those that fight them.

These monstrous Greater Daemons are only used by Slaanesh to commit violence, for violence is certainly a part of the Dark Prince's twisted nature, but when force is the only solution these beings are perfectly equipped for it. They take a gloating, sadistic pleasure in killing and torture, existing only for the delights of carnage. They take particular pleasure in destroying the creatures and followers of their rival Chaos God Khorne, the Blood God. The delectable cacophony of screams of pain and pleas of mercy are music to a Keeper of Secrets' exquisite ears. Lithe and deadly, the Keeper of Secrets takes extreme delight in eviscerating its opponents in a shower of gore with its long crab-like claws, spreading the decapitated limbs and spilled organs in interweaving and yet aesthetically pleasing tapestries of death.

On the field of battle, the Keepers of Secrets are rarely encountered alone. They are invariably accompanied by swarms of prancing Daemonettes, the ubiquitous Lesser Daemons of the Prince of Chaos. These cavort and dance across the killing fields, singing the praises of their master and dealing death to the armies of men. Worst of all, the Daemonettes often avoid killing the enemy's greatest champions and leaders, slaying or corrupting lesser troops as a delectable foretaste of the glorious spectacle that is the coming of the Keeper of Secrets. The champions are taunted and teased by the Daemonettes until the battlefield is carpeted with the corpses of the twitching dead. And then the Greater Daemon appears, and the slaughter and corruption truly begins.

As well as being peerless warriors, a Keeper of Secrets is said to possess arcane knowledge of many mystical arts. It is said that they can hear anything that is said anywhere, in any dimension, and it is this ability that earned them the moniker of "Keeper of Secrets." They have also been known to trade their knowledge for gifts of services. Using the secrets at their disposal they are able to weave intricate spells of misdirection and mystification, leading the weak to their inevitable doom and sending the strong on fools' errands. A Keeper of Secrets can invade the thoughts and senses of its enemies, penetrating their every psychic defence – sending them false visions of glory, stroking their egos and stoking their innermost desires to lead the fools astray.



BLESSING OF SLAANESH

Those who earn the favour of the Dark Prince may be bestowed the **Blessing of Slaanesh**. Daemons in this supplement state in their stat blocks how they may attain the blessing. It can also be awarded to players and NPCs at the DM's discretion.

Blessing of Slaanesh Creatures blessed by Slaanesh have advantage on Wisdom and Intelligence saving throws, and creatures have disadvantage on saving throws to resist charm effects from the blessed

To corrupt those warriors who are pure of heart and possess noble intent is the greatest of their skills, for they will inevitably turn every quest for glory into a sacrifice upon the altar of the Lord of Pleasure's perverse will.

KEEPER OF SECRETS

Huge fiend (greater daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 18 (natural armour)

Hit Points 263 (21d10 + 147)

Speed 40 ft.

STR **DEX** **CON** **INT** **WIS** **CHA**

17 (+3) 15 (+2) 25 (+7) 22 (+6) 24 (+7) 30 (+10)

Saving Throws Dex +7, Int +12, Wis +13, Cha +16

Skills Deception +16, Insight +13, Perception +13, Persuasion +16

Damage Resistance cold, fire, lightning; bludgeoning, piercing and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 23

Languages Abyssal, all standard languages

Challenge 16 (15,000 XP)

Daemon of Excess. Whenever the keeper of secrets makes a successful Charisma check or saving throw it gains the Blessing of Slaanesh until the end of its next turn.

Legendary Resistance. (3/day) If the keeper of secrets fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Actions

Multiattack. The keeper of secrets makes three attacks with its Daemonic Appendages. It can use Surrender Will in place of two of these attacks.

Daemonic Appendages. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 10ft., one target. *Hit* 26 (5d8+3) bludgeoning/slashing/piercing damage (Keeper's choice).

Surrender Will. One creature the Keeper of Secrets can see within 30 feet of it must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or be magically charmed for 1 day. The charmed target obeys the Keeper's spoken commands. If the target suffers any harm from the Keeper or another creature or receives a suicidal command from the Keeper, the target can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a target's saving throw is successful, or if the effect ends for it, the creature is immune to Surrender Will for the next 24 hours.



Legendary Actions

The keeper of secrets can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The keeper of secrets regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

Melee Attack. The keeper of secrets makes a Daemonic Appendage attack.

Acquiescence. One creature that the keeper of secrets can see within 60 feet must succeed on a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw or come under the effects of the *slow* spell for 1 minute. A creature can repeat this saving throw at the end of each of their turns.

Cacophonic Choir (Costs 3 Actions). The keeper of secrets unleashes an ear-piercing chorus of screams that tortures the souls of all who hear it. Each creature hostile to the keeper within 60 feet of it that is not deafened must make a DC 18 Wisdom saving throw, taking 36 (8d8) psychic damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.



DAEMONETTES

The hermaphroditic form of a Daemonette is both repulsive and nearly impossible for a mortal to turn away from. In battle, Daemonettes are lithe, dextrous killers, whose claws can tear their opponents to shreds, or allure their mortal victims into their clutches.

Daemonettes are the most numerous of Slaanesh's servants. They serve as courtiers and courtesans in his Palace of Pleasure in the Realm of Chaos, created to fulfill Slaanesh's every passing whim. They fill Slaanesh's throne room, lounging upon silken cushions, gossiping endlessly as they scheme to earn greater favour from their willful and fickle master. The Daemonettes are also Slaanesh's warriors and messengers beyond his realm. Slaanesh is given to extreme changes of mood and when frustrated, he lashes out with his vast legions, sending his Daemonettes to tear down everything he finds repugnant, unsubtle and crude, and replace them with artistic vistas of destruction. In battle, Daemonettes can be seen dancing across blood-soaked ground, dead bodies forming a carpet beneath their clawed feet. Their honeyed voices are raised in joyous songs of praise to Slaanesh as they slay and maim in the name of agony and pleasure.

As children of Slaanesh's degenerate dreams, Daemonettes bring all he has to offer to the fore. Not all mortals yield to the temptations of the pleasures of the flesh; some have deeper desires that are only discovered through more deliberate probing of their wills.

DAEMONETTE

Medium fiend (lesser daemon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armour)
Hit Points 130 (20d8 + 30)
Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	18 (+4)	15 (+2)	12 (+1)	16 (+3)	20 (+5)

Saving Throws Dex +8

Skills Deception +13, Insight +7, Perception +7, Persuasion +13, Stealth +8

Damage Resistance fire, cold, lightning

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 17

Languages Abyssal, Common

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Evasion. When the daemonette makes a Dexterity saving throw to reduce damage of an effect by half, it instead takes no damage on a success, and only half damage on a failure.

Nimble Escape. The daemonette can take the Dash, Disengage, or Hide action as a bonus action on each of its turns.

Actions

Multiattack. The daemonette makes two attacks with its Daemonic Appendage.

Daemonic Appendage. Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit* 19 (3d8 + 4) bludgeoning/slashing/piercing damage (daemonette's choice).

Charm. One humanoid the daemonette can see within 30 feet of it must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or be magically charmed for 1 day. The charmed target views the daemonette as stunningly beautiful and irresistibly alluring, and obeys the daemonette's verbal or telepathic commands. If the target suffers any harm or receives a suicidal command, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on a success. If the target successfully saves against the effect, or if the effect ends, the target is immune to this daemonette's Charm for the next 24 hours. The daemonette can have only one target charmed at a time. If it charms another, the effect on the previous target ends.

Paralysing Kiss. The daemonette kisses a creature charmed by it or a willing creature. The target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw against this magic, taking 23 (3d10 + 5) psychic damage on a failed save, and paralysing it until the end of its next turn.